Blind Willie McTell
Words and music Bob Dylan
The Bootleg Series 1-3 (1991)

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  Em                                  B7  Em

          Em    B7      Em
Seen the arrow on the doorpost
Em            B7          Em
Saying, "This land is condemned
Em      B7        D     A
All the way from New Orleans
C     D   Em
 To Jerusalem."
  Em       B7            Em
I traveled through East Texas
Em          B7       Em
Where many martyrs fell
      Em      B/      D        A
And I know no one can sing the blues
C           D            Em
 Like Blind Willie McTell
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   Em    D Em  D
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|-0---0-----------|
 |---0---3-5---3---|
|----0------------|
 |-2-----4-5---4---|
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|----0-----0------|
 |*-----0-3-------*|
 |-----0-------0---|
 |--2---------2----|
 |*------------h2-*|
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Well, I heard the hoot owl singing
As they were taking down the tents
The stars above the barren trees
Were his only audience
Them charcoal gypsy maidens
Can strut their feathers well
But nobody can sing the blues
Like Blind Willie McTell

See them big plantations burning
Hear the cracking of the whips
Smell that sweet magnolia blooming
(And) see the ghosts of slavery ships
I can hear them tribes a-moaning
(I can) hear the undertaker's bell
(Yeah), nobody can sing the blues
Like Blind Willie McTell

There's a woman by the river
With some fine young handsome man
He's dressed up like a squire
Bootlegged whiskey in his hand
There's a chain gang on the highway
I can hear them rebels yell
And I know no one can sing the blues
Like Blind Willie McTell

Well, God is in heaven
And we all want what's his
But power and greed and corruptible seed
Seem to be all that there is
I'm gazing out the window
Of the St. James Hotel
And I know no one can sing the blues
Like Blind Willie McTell